

TONGUE TICKING



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LUNA BISONTE PRODS
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Teeth

Shock absorbers
running swim swam
round bowler hats
cluster blinking
in the rainshoe
far from Kelley's taps
(far from rocks in toe)
smiles that don't knock anything over
or swim inside the gasoline
with spinach in its teeth

Jaw Plants

Ah jaw ah lamp ah dent
ah plates of braided spaghetti
tongued elbow gleaming
slick spit nestled on the gown you
folded in the shower
that slipped guppies
down its crease
and quipped like skull
reflected off the floor
mobility of all those
wind blown banners
hopping on the porches
and eating up all the plants

Eggs

She ate not a page but a cow
and tore the lint crusted in her armpit
that stayed straight in or
wiggled toward the smoke ladder
with hidden cream of head crest
lobbing handles toward the mirrored
outline of all those fried eggs you
tried to nail to the wall

Ticking Tongue

The ticking of tongue roofed lap
dancing clamored thickly in the
dust bunnies snout handles or a
kinder foam whistle speckled on
the wall
behind moves
of facial contortions
kissing the remnants
of what was formed by
all that
damned foam rubber

Snore Rug

He snored the window open
with nothing hidden in the billows
nor a cat stinking in the basket
separating her strawless claws
bulge and hopping, crack the list
without tonguing the T's
that came straight down
the blistered ladder
hiding in the pocket
of anything under the rug

Couch Posture

the posture of the apple
tied to the tassels
left my sardine swinging
in the aftershave
without nothing as dark as
that brillo pad was why I
sung and glanced the chain
of ant eyes
opening the arc slight
rusting behind your head
where you can scratch
without remembering the
corndog dropped behind the couch

Book of Heads

She opened the book
of heads rolling she opened
the book of pants bursting
and eating the feces she
opened the clock and
sniffed the wires
that did anything and everything
slushing through the walls
eating the grains and
combing the dandruff out
the window of sulking tears

Underwear

Doiled corner armoire edges a
flappling sleeve in the window
running seeds down imaginary funnels
what a sugar knot was there a
streaming fork fished green beans
off the hat crown eating lychee nuts
and strolling under the airy lake
vacuum of banana covered tennis shoes
shelled and leaking down the steps
that show the still silk of shiny teaseless hair
touching all the corners of my underwear

Beets and Lint

Not being able to think how
the beets made her feel
was just as good as the
lint question in her back pocket
that fanned out all the multistriped
buttons falling on her shoes
in the slots where pancakes roll
when the lights turn off
and the springs of young heels
quiver in the dark

The Zipper Side

The side the curl would
bend back too sugared where
the dripping bag shone
and left nothing to wax the
slipper floating in the bathtub
with a tongue and a further
truth that the oversized teeth
biting the pumpkin pie folded
inside the cheek
smoothing indentations
like a zipper

Suit Face

imprints of the cat's face
left behind the linty wig
of blonde haired girls
with black dot eyes and
foam behind the ears
of wet silk was like
the sponge to do the dishes with
fibers closed around
pencils fields of half-eaten
chipmunks and the burning pic-nic tables
with padded bouquets
poking through the netting
of the suit

Baloney

Shadows of teeth marks on the bologna
yeasty light behind the kitchen table
that didn't rain on the nose of the
snarling dog. What was Cathy doing
behind the kitchen door with
everything but the cauliflower
and the shaking can of buttons
that fell into a line of sardines
headed out the door

Blink Balloon

In the hole I blank, or blink
winking pockets
stunning cats streaming in the mist
grabbing at paper blown off straws
loony tables shaking on the dock
plucking strings of plaid
hats swirling on the heads
running down arms
of unformed balloon animals

Tube Mist

The clock mist drifted out the window
and ate the duck's inversion of feathers
crossed the back of my head
cutting lips on bottle caps
hanging off your ears
eating fuzzy cake crumbs oh
yes I smeared the pane
and kept putting bricks on the outside of
the foaming telephone
that didn't jerk the toothpaste tube

Lint

Screening the lint from my underwear
flicking over nubs of lite brite pegs
gastric gnats shining in the steam
and eating dehyphenated coconut shreds oh
lightbulb spreading in the ceiling!
guessing the elevation of rhythms
of ladies dressing against the
butter pats sinking deep into
the acoustic tiles, a silence of grease
doilies fanned down the pigtails of
timbre time

Animate

The systematic spin and turn of unspooling
or the actual unspooling forms a
corner dripping with corn oil
mats of shaken fur flicker dimly
in the corners
of an eaten roof. So that was
where the gravel sucked in all the
blue animation and the doubling
of the room.

Belly Hair

The uncovered belly
saw those dancing feet
and thought of lint inside
the shoes that couldn't fan out
headbands made of aluminium foil
contracting in small tickled movements
of burning hair

Green Shoe

That red shoe beneath the green tree
that couldn't spot where all the jewels were
or that green leg above the red well
that didn't show its teeth marks
or the crumbled hammer in its pants
that didn't know where the continual dip
of silver paint will be on the red
mask beside the green stairs
of swirling blue pops

Eggs

The egg in the featherless dish a
c-clamp gleams on the table
of Mexican jumping beans that
I coughed up last night
that spread things on to
only the place crinkled blankets
spun in the wind
as the horizontal cuts
of the mayo gleaming on my leg
vacuum sealing all that canned food and an
omelet sliding down the street

Soup Space

I put my head in the hole next to the
tomato plant that was behind the places
everyone walked the earth to
forget about
the height of fuzzy slippers and the
depth of damp lint
in the moonlight where I saw
a shoulder and a can of soup
without space

Door Hair

Tweezing colors of hopperesque hairs
my wheezing throat against the glass
didn't know when to peel back the
hat's greasy brim
and ate sticks of thumb.
O comb beneath the fridge
and eat the cheese sticks sparky
with your plastic beads
pushing paper flowers across the door

Footwear

The scotchguard silver
wrapped the gum around
her ear and glistened in the rain
mist of first had sludge tampon
drying the windowsill
partitioning portions of the dog's snout
turning back behind the door
zippering my little toe
in the wound dribbling light
side angles
turning back the blood
with no residue fuzz of rubber
flying off her shoe

Floating Lunch

My lunch floating in my hat
splatting into all the uneaten beans
shining in the fluorescent light
of smiles facing directions
that gave them no height on
the pooped hook she swallowed
didn't circle back to her
taste buds or pile the
salads on her shoes
dripping dressings and crawling
toward the clocks that
didn't leave anything behind their movements

Walk

She had to walk down something
without sticks and dropping a
used cup of coffee wipes
down the funnel aiming toward
the ant trap not finding the
wave to blow under
lanyards twisted in the rodent nests
not being able to eat anything storm-fed
or whistling through her legs

Beans

The rain of shoes ground like
meat counted as nothing in the
transparency phonebook correcting
dust under the table and eating the
lip of fruitfly cups and husks
without runners folded
like rotten green beans
against grains of velvet

Suitcase

she didn't want to eat the
devilled egg shining on the
clump of hair that
didn't pluck the harp but
pulled the lint from between her
teeth eating seed tips and
socks she uttered in the laundry
sticking the chins that don't fit
the luggage tag on her leg

The Curving Sauce

The curves that didn't touch the stick
were falling off the couch
unpeeled out of sync
with the waving hands
clattering like light bulbs
in the wind that couldn't find
the mouths of shoes
coughing on their tongues
smoothing out their laces
in a bowl full of sauce

Ants

So she mumbled ants and sandwich
and opened the shutters
slide light whistled on the
sill eating backwards hammers
all sticky with corn syrup
that didn't travel far
from behind the tooth

Rabbit

The smaller steps without a place to
jump covered with popcorn and
hairpins of bell bottomless
laundry hampers that
spin the hoops without
eating canned storm or
talking to the hand
that didn't show the ring
the steps giggly like a
rabbit in a cereal box
that had to be stepped on

Suds

The filigree between the bathtub
tiles spells the ladder running up
your leg not picking up the
carbon football covered with ants
and eating up the twizzle sticks
scrabbled out from under the
theater seat that didn't divide the
bouquet off the shimmering wall
and onto non dimpled
footwear soaking in the suds

Spider

Folding the soap powder
and eating the kneaded nut clusters
a spider swims in the light fixture
with a talon long enough to
drip behind his knees
without waving hands past
the post peppered with pustules
less curlyques snapping in the
breeze without whipping anybody

Lake

The rising crust the
damp chill wall
stretching what was underneath
the snap crackle pop
grinning like a lake
before the wrinkles were smoothed out

Fist

The wheezing coffee pot
didn't know where the
bite marks in the sugar went
didn't know the sneezer in the
window or way of feathers in the
sticky bed pop offed the
sill and took away the
tip of fists
dripping with your ink

Egg

What finger reached the
boiling egg kept the
peels inward giggling
like a hamster never
reaching the mold
under the fridge or
what it tickles
(where the kale dreams)

Light

At the back of the be
yond a fork sleeps
in lint that
could never reach
the heavy hook dangling
under the stairs
without plants or
candy wrappers shimmering
in the porchlight
untouched

Creamed Corn

It was chewed, under the
under connections of a
burning electric fan
exciting nipples with
lander cream
spinning arms and
creamed corn jets that
didn't wiggle

Nostril

Her teeth were nowhere the rinds
kicked beneath the davenport
no where near the sole
of where the flattened penny
rattled in the "brittle night"
no ties where those without
fingers thought of nostrils
with nothing to tickle

Camera

My hammer my melted cheese
of an untickled sandwich
crowned with lint
and bit the cat
lifted from the grass
mismatches of tooth shards
dribbling into his pocket
without the bloom flowered
expansion of the grilled camera
without a finger prick or
even squalling in the rusty locker

Steering

She didn't know
what would cover
the tracks
in fruit stripe gum or
what would wiggle in the
dripping cushions
as the hands that cracked
the pink sea shell
counterclockwise
held the dustpan
gripping through the windstorm
with a curtain for a dress
and a hanger
that patterned
the afterthought of a steering wheel



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